

THE
LIFE and Noble CHARACTER
OF
Richard Thornhill, Esq;

Who had the misfortune to kill Sir *Cholmley Deering*, Bart. Knight of the Shire for the County of *Kent*, in a Duel in *Tuttle-Fields*, on *Wednesday* the 9th of *May*, 1711.

With a Copy of Verses written by a Parliament-man, and sent to the said Esq; Thornhill.




Note, This is the only True Paper.

Printed by *Rich. Newcomb* in *Wine-Office-Court*
in *Fleetstreet*, 1711.



T H E

Life and Noble Character, &c.

 **RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq;**
 the Subject Matter of this
 small Tract, is Descended
 from a very Antient, Honourable,
 and Loyal Family of the *Thornhills*;
 whose Seat, call'd *Ollingre*, with an
 Estate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds
per Annum, in the Parish of *Wye* in
 the County of *Kent*, he now enjoys.

His Grandmother was Sister to
 the old Earl of *Bath*, his Mother
 was of the Bed-chamber to the late
 Queen *Dowager*, his Sister was of the
 Maids

Maids of Honour to the late King
James's Queen.

His Family is Renowned for their
Loyalty, and were great Sufferers
in the late Civil Wars, for their
zealously Engaging in the Interest
of King *Charles* the Martyr, of blef-
sed Memory ; of whose Loyalty this
Gentleman is a most faithful De-
fender.

He is at present a Widower, whose
Lady was Daughter to Sir *Thomas*
Cole of *Suffolk*, by whom he had
Issue a Son and Daughter, which
are both living.

He is a Gentleman of a most
loving and obliging Temper, a
friendly Neighbour, and a most
faithful Friend to those whose In-
terest he at any time espoused; and
even in this unhappy Quarrel (i
must be own'd by all impartial Men
he

he has behav'd himself like a Man
 of Honour ; for notwithstanding
 Sir *Cholmley Deering's* so grossly Abu-
 sing him, by throwing a glass of
 Wine in his Face, and next striking
 him down with a Bottle, which
 has shatter'd his Jaw-bone and beat
 two or three of his Teeth out, and
 lastly kicking him in the Face when
 down, yet Mr. *Thornhill* being of
 so affable a Temper that he would
 have evaded the Challenge, when
 he consider'd the Friendship that
 had always pass'd betwixt them ;
 and when Sir *Cholmley Deering* put
 up for Knight of the Shire, Mr. *Thorn-*
hill did so far espouze his Cause,
 that he expended some hundreds of
 Pounds in his Service, and it was
 thro' his Interest that he carry'd it :
 Notwithstanding all this Friendship
 Sir *Cholmley* drove on *Jehu* like ; for
 that

that Morning the Duel was to be fought, he takes Coach for *Kensington*, and coming to Mr. *Thornhill's* Lodgings, calls him out of his Bed to go to the Place appointed for the Combat, and away they went to *Tuttle-Fields*, and when they alighted, and the Coach drove off, Mr. *Thornhil* not forgetting old Friendship, would have evaded the Pistol and fought with the Sword, but Sir *Cholmley* told him, *if he would not Present his Pistol he would shoot him thro' the Head*; upon which they both fired, when our Knight thinking to do his Work effectually, aiming at his Head, miss'd his intent; the other at his Body, when Sir *Cholmley* received the reward of his rash and irreconcilable Revenge, and about six Hours after expired.

After

After this fatal Stroke, Mr. *Thornhil* walk'd off and surrendred himself to Mr. *Cross*, one of Her Majesties Justices for *Westminster*; and sending for some of his Friends, Mr. *Cross* entertain'd them with a splendid Dinner, but Mr. *Thornhil's* Mouth was so much mortified by the ill treatment he met with from the aforesaid unfortunate Gentleman, that he was not able to partake of the Treat, any further than to suck two or three *Espargrass's*, and that not without much pain and difficulty.

About Eight at Night, *May* the 9th, he was carry'd to the *Gatehouse*, attended by several Gentleman of his Acquaintance; where he continues, but at present is extreme Ill, but it's hoped he may Recover.

A Copy of VERSES written by a
Parliament-man, and sent to the
aforesaid *Richard Thornhill, Esq;*

Great was thy Courage, and brave thy Soul,
Which would not let base Cowardise con-
[troul

Thy valiant Heart, but bravely did relent
Your stained Honour, in the punishment
Of *Deering*; for if harden'd Insolence
Presumes to give a Gentleman Offence,
Th' offended Person, tho' against the Laws,
Ought to revenge the Justness of his Cause:
No Crime it is to fight the Man who'll dare
To tempt his Friends, and offer them to care,
Your late retrieved Honour merits it,
And will learn fractious Men to learn more
(Wit.

So chear up, *Thornhill*, fear not Destiny,
For all Men say — You don't deserve to die.

AT the Printers of this Paper may be had
the London Gazette, printed in the Year
1666; giving an Account of the Tryals and
Condemnation of 8 Fanaticks, for contriving
the Burning of the City of London.

